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# THE SUBSTANCE
OF A
# SERMON,
PREACHED IN THE PARISH CHURCH OF
BRIGHTHELMSTONE,
BY THE REV. DR. KNOX,

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FROM ST. LUKE II. 14.
GLORY BE TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, ON EARTH PEACE, AND GOOD-WILL TOWARDS MEN.

WITH AN
# AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT
OF THE
# OUTRAGE
COMMITTED
UPON THAT GENTLEMAN AND HIS FAMILY
AT THE THEATRE OF THAT TOWN,
BY THE OFFICERS OF MILITIA.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,
## A SONG
IN CELEBRATION OF THEIR HEROISM.

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London:
PRINTED FOR W. WILLIAMS,
CORNER OF SHIP ALLEY, WELL-CLOSE SQUARE.

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# THE SUBSTANCE OF A SERMON

## PREACHED BY THE REV. DR. KNOX,

### IN THE PARISH CHURCH OF BRIGHTON,

### ON SUNDAY AUGUST 11, 1793.

FROM ST. LUKE II. 14.

"Glory be to God in the higheſt, on "earth Peace, and Good-will towards "men."

THE principal object of his whole diſcourſe was, an earneſt recommendation of univerſal peace. He firſt ſet out with deploring the unhappy ſtate of Europe, at preſent ravaged by

by wars; the terrors and deformities of which could not be gloſſed over by the exterior pageantry of military dreſs and parade. In this he begged to be underſtood not to make any perſonal alluſion to Gentlemen who happened to have commiſſions, many of whom were honourable and good men; but lamented that there ſhould exiſt a neceſſity of drawing them into ſituations which ſullied theſe qualities.

The influence of Chriſtianity ſeemed to have little power in directing theſe rulers of the world, who were now conſpiring to deſtroy a country, againſt which one of the firſt charges was a want of Religion.

The ſtill ſmall voice of Religion and Philoſophy could not now be heard amid the cannon's roar, the ſhouts of victory, and the cabals of politicians.

Temporary

Temporary ſucceſſes were but a poor and melancholy compenſation to mankind for the devaſtation of countries, the burning of villages, and the deſtruction of all the fine monuments of Arts and Learning.

The doctrine of Confraternity, was in his mind, a Chriſtian idea; and he hoped the day might arrive, when a ſmall ſea ſhould no longer keep us in a ſtate of rancour and hoſtility with a nation, with whom it would be our higheſt intereſt to have a perpetual intercourſe of friendſhip.

After a warm and energetic exhortation to Philánthropy and univerſal Good-will; and after a diſcourſe which laſted near an hour; he concluded with a fine prayer to the Almighty Diſpoſer of all things, beſeeching him to avert from us, the evils of DESPOTISM on one hand, and Anarchy on the

the other—to unite all the powers of the world in one band of union—to give all men Freedom without licentiouſneſs—and to ſuffer the POOR TO RETAIN THE FRUITS OF THEIR INDUSTRY AND LABOUR.

This is merely the general ſubſtance of the diſcourſe, for which Dr. KNOX has met with ſuch indecent and unmanly treatment; and in no part of it was there the ſlighteſt reflection thrown upon the Conſtitution, the Government, or the Governors of this Country, nor upon any of their ſpecific meaſures.

OUTRAGE.

# OUTRAGE.

BRIGHTON, AUG. 24.

AT the Theatre of this town laſt night, an outrage of an unparalleled nature was offered to the perſon of a Gentleman, whoſe character, profeſſion, and ſituation in life, together with a well-merited reputation in the literary world, might be ſuppoſed, at leaſt, to have protected him from unprovoked inſult.

The

The Reverend VICESSIMUS KNOX, of Tunbridge, who with his family has reſided for a ſhort time in this place, did on Sunday laſt, in conſequence of a requeſt from the Vicar, preach a Sermon in the pariſh church of Brighton, which ſermon, it ſeems, gave high offence to a number of officers who had been at church, and particularly ſo, as the aile was full of ſoldiers, who felt and admired what they heard; but the others were pleaſed to call it *ſeditious* and *treaſonable*.

Doctor KNOX went with his family to the Theatre laſt night, and ſat in one of the front boxes; after the play was over, and before the entertainment began, a note was carried to him by the box-keeper, which he returned without paying any attention to it; the Officers who had ſent this note, and who were very numerous,

ſtood

ſtood up, immediately after, and inſiſted that the *ſcoundrel*, who had preached the ſeditious ſermon, ſhould be turned out. He ſtood up, and begged to be heard for a moment; they ſaid he was going to harangue, and would not allow him to ſpeak; a part of the audience, inſiſted that he ſhould be heard, and by that means Dr. KNOX had time to declare, that he never meant to offer any offence to the Gentlemen of the Army, or to any of the perſons who conducted the affairs of Government, and if any thing he had ſaid could be conſtrued in that light he begged their pardon.

The apology had no effect on the Officers; ſome of theſe *polite and honourable Gentlemen* went ſo far as to come up to the object of their fury, and ſaid, "You're "a damned ſcoundrel, and deſerve to be "hanged, BOO, D—M—E BOO!"

and,

and, incredible as it may appear, one of them actually took Mrs. KNOX by the ſhoulder, and puſhed her along the lobby, crying out at the ſame time—"Go with "your huſband, and be d——d." Thus were this Gentleman and his Lady violently driven from the houſe, without even being permitted to go back for their children, who had been kept behind by the crowd in all the agonies of terror and diſtreſs.

A SONG.

## A SONG.

**A new Method of driving away our Enemies without the Expence of Powder, Shot, &c. as lately practiſed at Brighton.**

[*To the Tune of "Down, down, derry down."*]

LET the foes of Great Britain now wantonly brag,
Let them ſhew their grim teeth, and their tails let them wag;
For if Brighton's militia once have them in view,
They'll be ſent away briſkly, with boo, d—me boo!
Sing boo, boo, d—me boo!

'Twas by that a wiſe Doctor was turn'd from the play,
For preaching, his duty, on a Sabbath day;
Quick at him theſe *glorious veterans* flew,
And made him retreat, with a boo, d—me boo!
Sing boo, &c.

So after the Doctor was turn'd from the houſe,
They proceeded to offer the ſame to his ſpouſe,
She was puſh'd by the ſhoulder by one of the crew,
With a "Right about face, Madam, boo, d—me boo!"
Sing boo, &c.

Come,

Come then, let's rejoice, ſince a way we have got
To deſtroy all our foes, without powder or ſhot,
We've no need in blood our brave hands to imbrue,
For we'll ſend them all off with a boo, d—me boo!

Sing boo, &c.

Let us heartily thank then, theſe ſons of defence,
For ſhewing at once both their courage and ſenſe:
Pray what more could contribute their wiſdom to ſhew,
Than this learn'd expreſſion of boo, d—me boo?

Sing boo, &c.

If the French ever dare on our coaſts to appear,
We'll ſend them away with a flea in their ear.
To our fears and our foes then we'll all bid adieu,
As we're ſo well defended by boo, d—me boo.

Sing boo, boo, d—me boo!

*The Names of theſe illuſtrious Heroes will ſhortly be given in the Public News Papers.*

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